

CANTVS

AYERES OR
Phantasticke Spittes
for three voices,

Made and newly published by
THOMAS WHEELKES, Gentleman of
his Maiesies Chappell, Batchelor
of Musick, and Organist of the Ca-
thedral Church of Chichester.

LONDON.

Printed by William Barley, and
are to be sold at his shoppe
in Gracious street.

1608.

Cum Privilegio.





TO THE R I G H T N O-
ble and most worthy, E D V V A R D Lord,
D E N N Y, Baron of Waltham, Thomas
VVeelkes wisheth the happines of
both worldes.

R I G H T H O N O V R A B L E,

There were needesse to commend the worth of musicke to a noble and vnderstanding disposition: for in the natures of Artes and generous spirates, ther is a sympathie, this being only grac'd by them; and they the onely patrones of this profession: I haue presumed, though not worthy your acceptance (as to the fauourer of all vertue) humbly to entreat your Lordship to patronize these my simple labours, which if your Lordship vouchsafe, they haue their hite, and my self euer bound (as is my duty) to doe your Lordship all faithfull, dutifull and acceptable seruice.

THOMAS VV E E L K E S:
A 2



A Table of all the Songes contained in this Set.

Come come lets begin.	I
Iockey thine horne pipes dull.	II
Some men desire Spouses.	III
To morrow is the marriage day.	IV
Vpon a hill, the bonny boy.	V
Come sirrah Iacke hoe.	VI
Tan ta ra ran tan tant.	VII
The Gods haue heard my vowes.	VIII
Though my carriage be but.	IX
The Ape, the Monkey.	X
No, no though I shrinke still.	XI
Aye me alas hey hoe.	XII
Late in my rash accounting.	XIII
Fowre armes two neckes.	XIV
Lord when I thinke.	XV
Say wanton will you loue me.	XVI
I beilugustri e rose.	XVII
Strike it vp Tabor.	XVIII
Ha ha this world doth passe,	XIX
Since Robin Hood.	XX
Fala la, O now weepe.	XXI
Als tarry but one halfe howre.	XXII
As deadly serpents lurking.	XXIII
Donna il vostro.	XXIV
The Nightingale.	XXV
<i>A Song for 6. voices</i>	
Death hath deprived me.	XVI

CANTVS.

I.

3. voc.



One, com lets begin lets begin to re-



wel't out, and tread the hilles and dales a-



bout, and dales about

that hilles and dales and woodes may



sound, an Echo

.ii.

to this warbling round.

Lads merry bee with musick sweere,
and Faires trip it with your feet,
Pans pipe is dull, a better straine,
doth stretch it selfe to please your vaine,

B

CANTVS.

II.

3 VOC.



Ockey thine horne pipe's dull, giue wind

man at full, sic vpon such a sad gul, like an hoody

doody, all to moody, toodle, toodle, pipe it vp thicker, ile tread it

the quicker: why then about it roundly, .ii.

and I will

foot it foot it .ii. .ii. soundly, ile take my steps the shorter,

as if I trampled, trampled trampled morter.

Darite growes so graue,
Imay not her haue:
In a round when I do craue,
with hoop sir hoy day, O you hurt me.

Toodle, Toodle,
set me thy worke by,
and come to me smurkly.

Then if she chance to glance in,
Giue vs two roome to dance in,
Though my green jerkin bare is.
Vs two to all the parish,

CANTVS.

III.

3 VOC.



ome men desire spouses, that come of noble

houses, and some would haue in mariage ladies

of courtly cariage, fa la la fa la la la la,

but few desire as I do, the maidenhead, the maidenhead .ii.

.ii. of a widow, fa la la la la fa la la

la la la.

2 Some thinke faire youth will cherish,
 Strength that begins to perish,
 Ile haue no colis to taming,
 Let me be young st at ganung.

Ile get ore, ile go nigh too,
 The maidenhead of a widdow.

B 3

CANTVS.

III.

3.voc.



O morrow is the marriage day of Mopsus
and faire Phillida, Come shepheards bring your
garlands gay, .ii.

.iii.
your garlands gay.

2 If loue lye in so fowle a nest,
and fowlenes on so faire a breast,
What louer may not hope the best.

3 O do not weepe faire Bellamoure,
though he be gone theres many more,
for loue hath many loues in store.



pon a hill, a hill, the bony bony, boy,

sweet Thit sis sweetly plaide, and calde his lambes

their maisters ioy, and more hee would haue said; but loue, but loue

that giueth wings, but loue that giues the louers wings, withdrew his

mind, his mind, withdrew his mind, withdrew his mind, his mind

from other things.

2 His pipe and he could not agree,
for Milla was his note,
This silly pipe could never get,
this louely name by rote.

With that they both fell in a sound,
he fell a sleepe, his pipe to ground.

CANT VS.

VI.

3. VOC.



ome sirrah Iacke hoc, fill some Tobacco, bring a wire,



and some fire, hast haft away, quicke I say, do not stay, shun delay, for



I dranke none good to day : I sweare that this Tobacco it's perfect



Trinidad, by the very very mas, neuer neuer neuer was better gerc then



as here, by the roode, for the bloud, it is very very good, tis very good.

2 Fill the pipe once more,
My braines daunce treachmore,
It is headdy,
I am geeddy,

My head and braines,
Back and raines,
Iointes and vaines,
From all paines,

It doth well purge and make cleane.
Then thos that doe Condemne it,
Or such as not Commend it,
Neuer were so wise to Iearne,
Good Tobacco to discerne
Let them go, plucke a crow, and not know as I do
The sweet of Trinidad.



An ta ra ran tan tant, cryes Mars on bloudy rampier



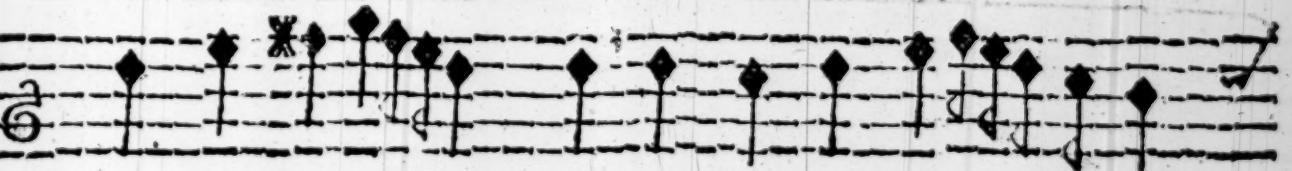
fa la fa la fa la, fala cries Venus in a Chamber toodleloodle



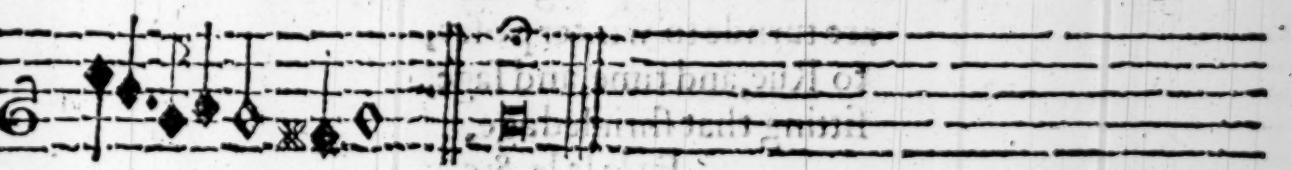
.ii. loo, cryes Pan that Cuckoo, with belsat his shoo, and a



fiddle too, .iii. Aye me, but I alas ly e weeping, for death



hath slaine my sweeting, which hath my heart in kee- ping,



.ii.

...slabbed illi will my wif
...will be illi will be illi
...wif of erred troublous wif



CANTVS.

VIII.

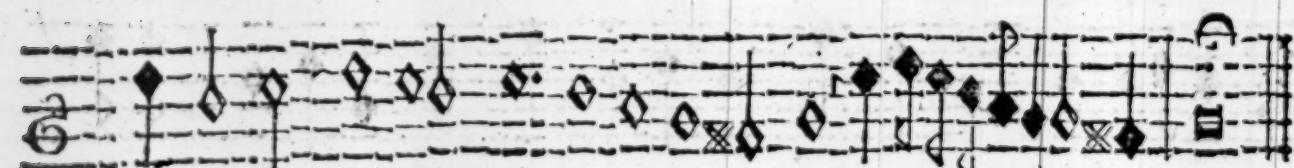
3.voc



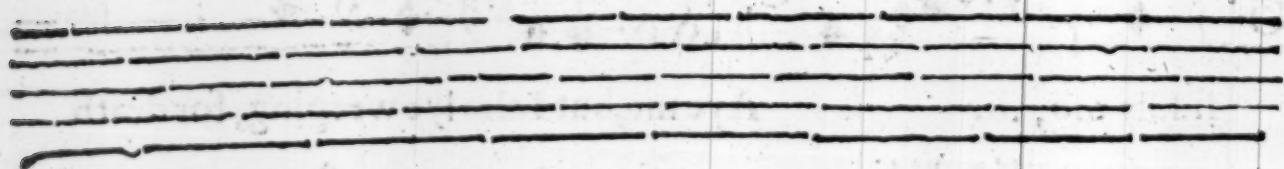
He Gods haue heard my vowes, fond Lyce,



whose faire browes wont scorne with such disdaine, my loue,



.ii. my teares my paine .ii. fa la la la.



3 But now those spring-tide roses,
are turnd to winter posies,
to Rue, and time, and sage,
fitting that shriuled age,
Fa la la la, &c.

3 Now youthes with hote desire,
See, see that flamelesse fire,
Whiche st your hearts so burned,
quicke into ashes turned.
Fa la la la &c.

CANTVS.

IX.

3. VOC.



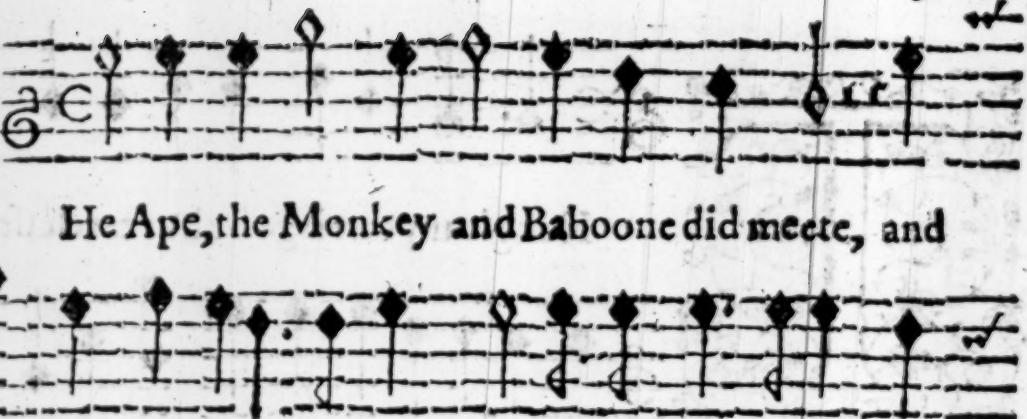
Hough my carriage be but carelesse, though my
looks be of the sternest, yet my passions are compare-
lesse, when I loue, when I loue, .ii. I loue in earnest.

2 No my wits are not so wild,
But a gentle soule may yoake me,
Nor my heart so hard compilde,
But it melts, if loue prouoke me.

CAINT VS.

X.

3 voc.



He Ape, the Monkey and Baboone did meeete, and



breaking of their fast in fryday street, two of them sware together



solemnly in their three natures was a sympathie, Nay quoth Baboon,

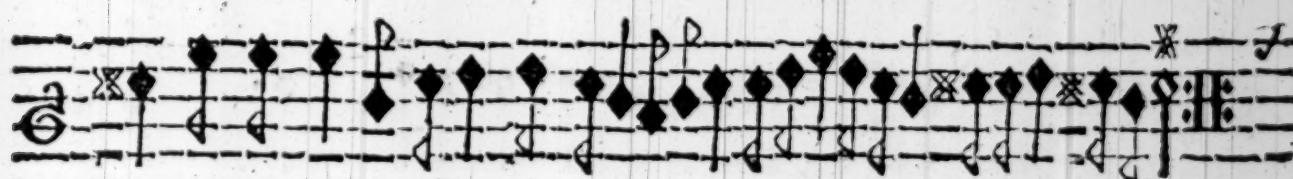


do deny that straine, I haue more knauery in me then you twaine.

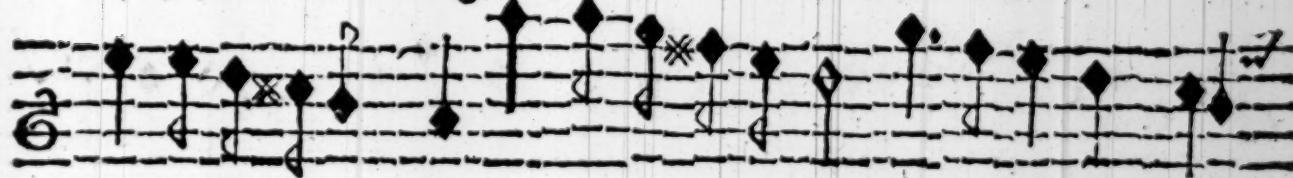
Why quoth the Ape I haue a horse at will,
in Parris Garden for to ride on still,
and' there shew trickes: tush quoth the Monkey I
for better trickes in great mens houses lie.
Tush, quoth Baboone, when men do know I come,
for sport, from City, country, they will runne.



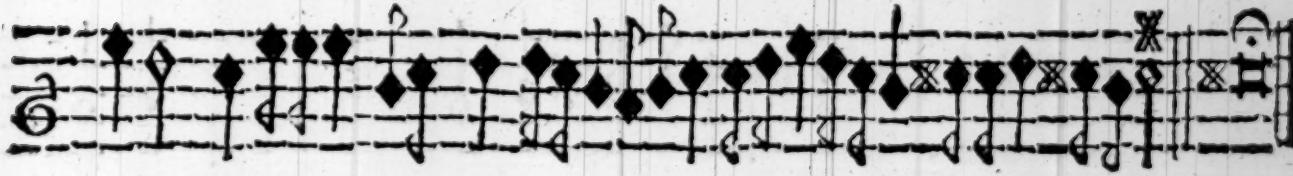
O no, though I shrinke still, yet I thinke stil
that a wincke will do what louers louers best



know, fa la la liro logh .ii. .ii. .ii.



till then I will be glad, and then I will be mad, hang vp all loue that is



sad, is sad, fa la la liro logh .ii. .ii. .ii.

2 What what,
if she faine so,
then I plaine go,
in a vaine to
ouerthrow her that's flat, fa la la, &c.

O, but she loued me well,
no but I cannot tell,
who dares trust women or hell,

CANTVS.

XII.

3.voc.



Ye me alas, hey hoe, hey hoe .ii. .ii.



thus doth Messalina go vp and downe the house



a cry- ing .ii.

a cry- ing, for her Monkey lies a



dying .ii.

death thou art too cruel, to bereave



her Iewell, or to make a seasure of her only treasure, if her Monkey die



she will sit and crie, fie fie fie fie fie fie fie.



Ate in my rash accounting, my Fortune
 was amouting, fa la la la fa la la
 fa la la la fa la la fa la la la la la
 la la and now all is vndone, all courses backwards runne, fa la
 la fa la la fa la la la la la la

2 Harts greedy in desiring,
 Are speedy in aspiring, fa la la &c.
 But this femall sexe,
 Make stout hearts breake their necks.

3 You Ladies faire and fickle,
 Whose climing thoughts do tickle, fa la &c.
 Shall molt deeply repent,
 And finde a base descent.

Owre arms, two neckes, one wreathing, two
 paire of lips one breathing, fa la la fa la
 da fa la la la la two hearts that multiply, sighes
 enterchangeably, fa la fa la fa la la fa la la
 fa la la la fa la la la

2 The thought of this confound me,
 and as I speake it woundes me, falala, &c.
 It cannot be exprest,
 good help me whilst I rest.

3 Bad stomackes haue their loathing,
 and O this all is nothing, falala, &c.
 this no with griefes doth proue,
 report of turnes in loue, falala.



Ord when I thinke what a paltry thing is a
 gloue or a ring, or a top of a fan to brag of, and
 how much a Noddy will triumph in a buske point, snatch with the
 tagge of, then I say, well fare him, that bath cur vseid close play.

2 And when I see,
 what a pittifull grace,
 hath a frown in the face,
 Or a no in the lips of a Lady,
 and when I had witt,
 she would bee kist,
 When shee away did go,
 with hey hoc,
 I end so,
 Never trust any woman more then you know.

Ay wāton wil you loue me, I loue no long des-
laying, no long delaying, I loue no lōg delaying,
delaying, whilst that you striue to proue me, to proue me, I feare
your loue, I feare your loues decaying.

2 Feare not my loues decaying,
Whilst that you striue to proue me,
I loue no long delaying,
Come wāton then and loue me.

CANTVS

XVII.

3. voc.

A large, ornate initial 'C' with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns is positioned on the left side of the page. To its right is a musical score for three voices, indicated by the text '3. voc.' at the top right. The score consists of three staves of music with black note heads and vertical stems. The lyrics are written in Italian and are divided into two parts by a vertical bar line. The first part starts with 'Bei ligustri e rose, Ch'in voi natura, pose' and continues with 'til mi fanno, ogn' hor mori'. The second part begins with 'Donna gen' and continues with 're, Si graue la mia pena e'l mio martire..ii.' The music is written in a style typical of early printed music, with note heads and stems pointing in various directions.



D

CANTVS

XVIII.

3 VOC.



trike it vp Tabor and pipe vs a fauour, thou shalt be
 well paid for thy labour: I meane to spend my shoc sole to dance
 about the May pole, I will be blith and briske, leap and skip, hop
 and trip, turne about in the rout, vntill very meary werry ioyntes
 can scarce friske.

2 Lusty Dicke Hopkin,
 Jay on with thy napkin,
 the stitching cost me but a dodkin,
 the Morris were halfe vndone,
 Wert not for Martin of Compton,
 O well said Iiing Alce,
 Pritty Gill,
 stand yow still,
 Dapper lacke,
 meanesto smacke,
 how now, fie, fie fie, you dance false.



A ha this
 world doth passe most merily most merily ilc bee sworne, for many
 an honest Indian. Aſſe goes for a vnicorne, .ii. .ii.
 .ii. farra diddle diddle dyno .ii.
 this is idle idle fino, .ii.

2 Tygh hygh. tygh hygh, O sweet delight,
 he tickles this age that can,
 call Tulliae Ape a Marmaſyte.
 And Ledaes Goose a swan,
 Fara diddle deyno,
 this is idle fyno.

3 So so so so fine English dayes,
 for false play is no reproch,
 for he that doth the Cochman prayſe,
 may safely vſe the Coch,
 fara dyddle deyno,
 this is idle fyno.

CANTVS

XX.

3.voc.



Ince Roben Hood, maid Marian, and little



John are gone a, the hobby horse was quite for-



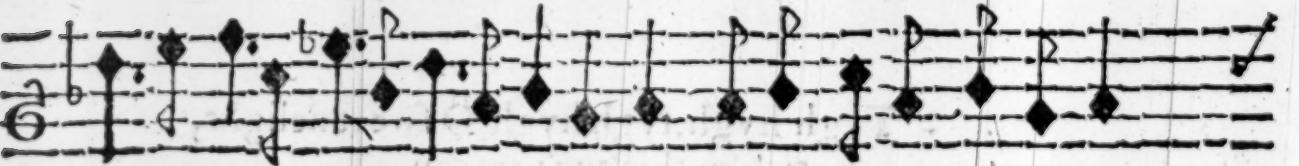
got, when Kemp did daunce a lone a, he did labour after the



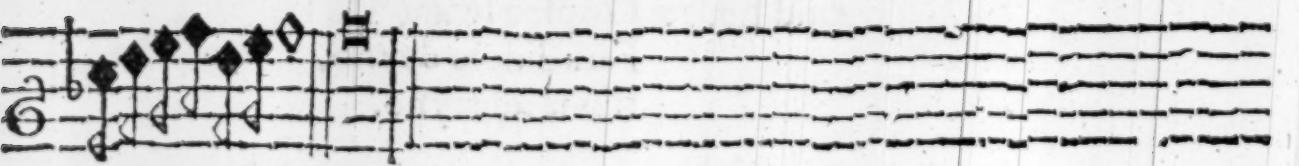
tabor for to dance then into France, for .ii. he



tooke paines to skip, .ii. to skip it in hope of gaines of gaines



he wil trip it trip it trip it on the toe, diddle diddle diddledoe,



.ii.

CANTVS

XXI

3.voc.

A la la la la fa la la, O now weepe, now
 sing fa la la la la la: for this is loue in frost
 to frie, in teares to sing, in life to die, .ii. .ii. to die
 and neuer to haue en ding.

2 Fa la la la, &c.
 I die willingly,
 fa la la la la, &c.
 And yet I live in spite of loue,
 in hope of gaine,
 And thinke to proue,
 some pleasure mingled with paine.



Las tarry but one halfe houre, .ii.

O tarry but

one halfe howre, vntill an opportunity fit my power then will I look

and sigh out all my sorrow, now euery body looketh on, and you

know I must be gone and .ii. & you know I must be gon to

morrow, to morrow.

2 Adiew, why did I aspire high,
 when I see my ruinous end so nigh,
 Yet will I now prolong my last farewell,
 else in sodaine sort to part,
 will go neare to breake my heart,
 that doth swell.



S deadly scipents lurking, so enuy lyeth wor.

king, still to disgrace those men which do striue

by vertues fame to augment their height of name, by labour, and

and pen.

But let all carping Momis,
and idle foolish Zoili,
what so ere they will report,
I put my selfe in venture
to iudgements learned censure
and men of better sort.

CANTVS

XXIII.

3.voc.



On nail vostro bel vi

so, Apr'a

chi mir' ogn' hor .ii.

.ii.

il paradi

so, Ma'l mio misero core, Sen viu' ogn' hor in

lagrim'e in lagrim'e dolore do lo re.



CANT VS

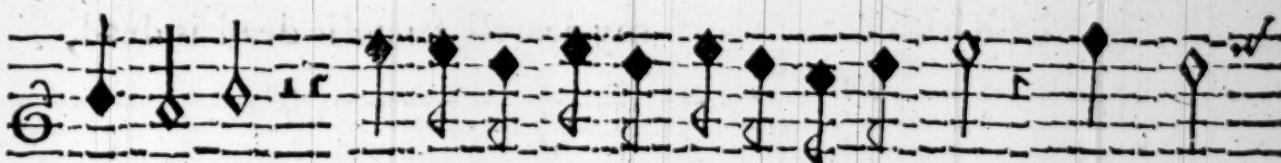
XXV.

3. voc.



He Nightin-

gall the Organ of



de light the nimble nimble nimble nimble Larke, the blacke



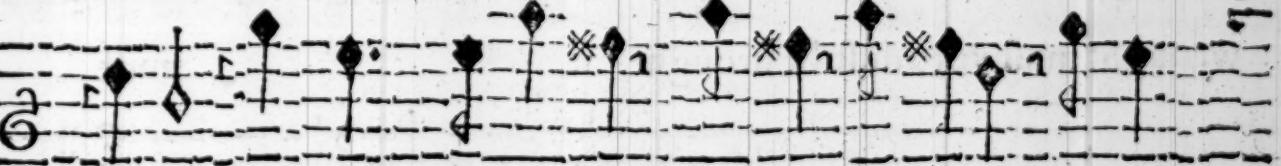
bird .ii. and the Thrush the Thrush, and all the pretie Cho-



risters of flight, that chant their Musicke notes in euery bush, ii.



Let them no more contend who shal excell, the



coockoo coockoo, the coockoo coockoo. ii. the coockoo,



coockoo .ii. .ii. .ii. .ii. is the bird that beares the bell.

E

A remembrance of my friend, M. Thomas Morley.

SEXTVS.

XXVI.

6. voc



Eath hath &c.

my dearest friend is dead is dead,

and laid in graue, in graue hee rests .ii.

vntill the world

shall end, the world shall end, as end must all things haue,

all things must haue an end that nature wrought, that nature

wrought must vnto dust be brought .ii.

must

vnto dust be brought .ii.

.ii.



A remembrance of my friend M. Thomas Morley.

ALTVS

XXVI.

6. voc



Eath hath deprived mee, deprived mee of my dearest



friend, my dearest friend is dead, and laid in graue, in grane



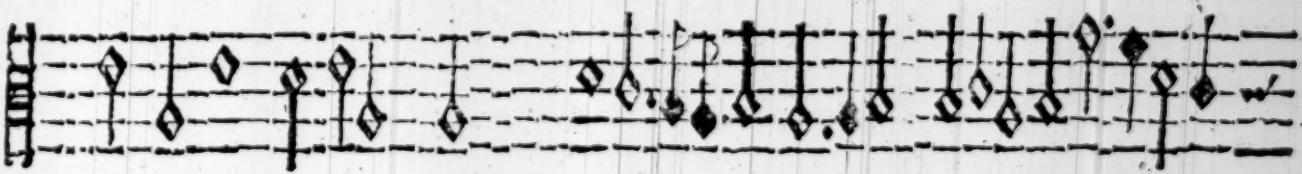
in graue he rests, in .ii. vntill the world shall end,



the world shall end, as end must all things haue, all things must haue



an end that nature wrought, that nature wrought that .ii.



must vnto dust be brought, must .ii. must .ii.



must vnto dust be brought, vnto dust be brought.

which may be of value in determining the A

ANNA

271A

which may be of value in determining the A

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TENOR
AYERES OR
Phantaſtike Spirites
for three voices,

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THOMAS WHEELKES, Gentleman of
his Maiesties Chappell, Batchelor
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thedral Church of Chicheſter.

LONDON
Printed by William Barley, and
are to be ſold at his ſhoppe
in Gracious ſtreet.
1608.
Cum Privilegio.



TO THE R I G H T H O-
nourable E D V V A R D L. D E N N Y, Baron
of Waltham, Thomas VVeelkes wisheth the
happines of both worldes.

Right Honourable, it were needlesse to commend the worth of musicke to a minde of noble disposition, for in the natures of musicke and generous men, ther is a sympathie, this being only grac'd by them; and they the onely patrones of this profession: besides, the particular respect of duetie which I owe your Lordship, doth commaund this dedication, to whose seruice I owe the best of all my labours, and the best of my duetious affections. May it therefore please you to accept this poore demonstration of my duety and loue, to whose pleasure and seruice, I truely dedicate my selfe, and these my labours.

Your Honors in all duety, and
humble seruice,

THOMAS VV E E L K E S.



A Table of all the Songes contained in this Set.

Come come lets begin.
Iockey thine horne pipes dull.
Some men desire Spouses.
To morrow is the marriage day.
Vpon a hill, the bonny boy.
Come firrah Iacke hoe.
Tan ta ra ran tan tant.
The Gods haue heard my vowes.
Though my carriage be but
The Ape, the Monkey.
No, no though I shrinke still.
Aye me alas hey hoe.
Late in my rash accounting.
Fowre armes two neckes.
Lord when I thinke.
Say wanton will you loue me.
I beiligungstrie rose.
Strike it vp Tabor.
Ha ha this world doth passe.
Since Robin Hood.
Fala la, O now weepe.
Als tarry but one halfe howre.
As deadly serpents lurking.
Donna il vostro.
The Nightingale.
A Song for 6. voices
Death hath depriued me.

I
II
III
IIII
V
VI
VII
VIII
IX
X
XI
XII
XIII
XIII
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XVI
XVII
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XXI
XXII
XXIII
XXIII
XXV
X XVI

TENOR.

I.

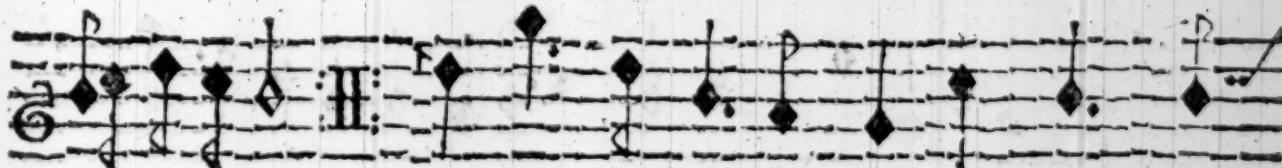
3. VOC.



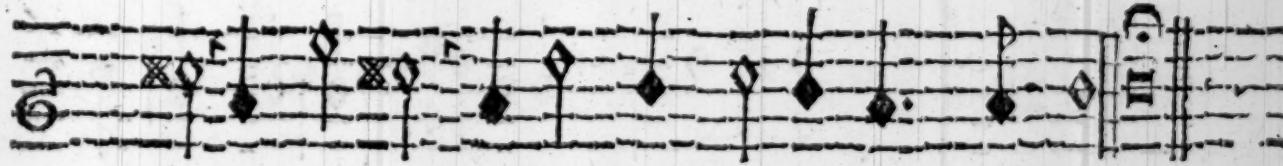
Ome, come lets begin to reuel't out, to



reuel't out, and tread the hilles and dales a-



bout, that hilles and dales and dales and woodes may



sound, an Echo

.ii.

to this warbling round.

Lads merry bee with musicke sweete,
and Faires trip it with your feet,
Pans pipe is dull, a better straine,
doth stretch it selfe to please your vaine,

B

TENOR.

II.

3 voc.

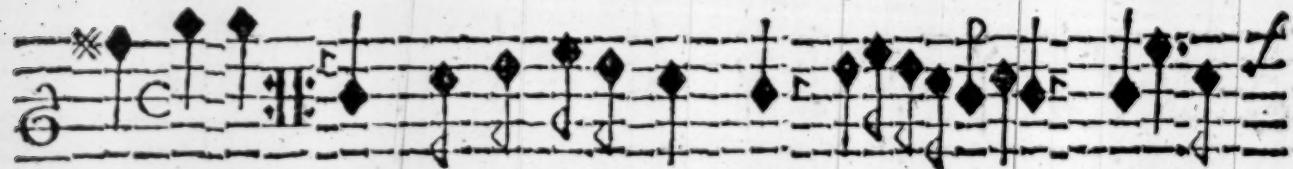


Ockey thinchorne pipes dull, giue wind

man at full, sic vpon that gull, like an hoody



doody, all to moody, toodie, toodle, pipe it vp thicker, ile tread it



the quicker: why then about it roundly, .if. and I will



foot it foot it .ii. .ii. soundly, ile take my steps the shorter,



as if I trampled, trampled trampled morter.

Darite growes so graue,
Imay not her haue:
In a round when I do craue,
with hoop sir hoy day, O you hurt me

Toodle, Toodle,
set me thy worke by,
and come to me smurkly.

Then if she chane to glance in,
Giue vs two roome to dance in,
Though my green jerkin bare is
Vs two to all the parish,

TENOR.

III.

3 voc.



Some men desire spouses, that come of noble

houses, and some would haue in mariage ladies

of courtly cariage, fa la la fala la, la la la

but few desire as I do, the maidenhead, the maidenhead .ii.

.ii. of a widow, fa la la la la la

la la la la.

2 Some thinke faire youth will cherish,
Strength that begins to perish,
I haue no colis to taming,
Let me be young'st at gamling.

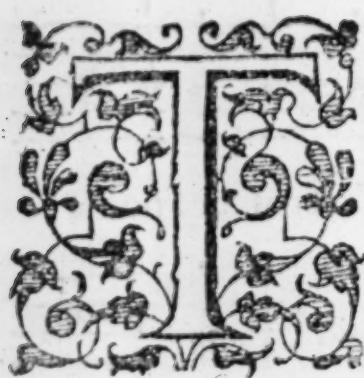
Ile get ore, ile go nigh too,
The maidenhead of a widdow.

B 2

TENOR.

III.

3. VOC.



O morrow is the marriage day of Mopsus

and faire Phillida,

Come shepheardes

bring your garlands gay, your garlands, come shepheardes bring your

garlandes .ii.

Come shepheardes bring your garlands gay,

garlandes gay.

2 If loue lye in so fowle a nest,
and fowlenes on so faire a breast,
What louer may not hope the best.

3 O do not weepe faire Bellamoure,
though he be gone theres many more,
for loue hath many loues in store.

TENOR.



V.

3.voc.

pon a hill, .ii. the bonny bonny boy,

.ii. sweet Thitsis sweetly plaid, and

calde his lambes their maisters ioy, their maisters ioy, and more hee

would haue said, but loue, but loue that giues the louers wings,

withdrew his mind, his mind, .ii. from other things

2 His pipe and he could not agree,
for Milla was his note,
This silly pipe could never get,
this louely name by rote.

With that they both fell in a sound,
he fell a sleepe, his pipe to ground.

TFN OR.

VI.

3.voc.



Omesirrah Iacke hoe, fill some Tobacco, bring a wire,
 and some fire, hast hast away, quicke I say, do not stay, shun delay, for
 I dranke none good to day : I sweare that this Tobacco it's perfect
 Trinidad, by the very very mas, neuer neuer neuer was better genc then
 is here, by the roode, for the bloud, it is very very good, tis very goed.

2 Fill the pipe once more,
My braines daunce trenchmore,

It is headdy,
I am geeddy,

My head and braines,
Back and raines,
Jointes and vaines,
From all paines,

It doth well purge and make cleane.

Then those that doe Condemne it,
Or such as not Commend it,
Neuer were so wise to learne,
Good Tobacco to discerne:

Let them go, plucke a crow, and not know as I do
The sweet of Trinidad.

TENOR

VII.

3.voc.



An tara ran tan tant, cryes Mars on bloudy rampier

fa la fa la fa la, cries Venus in a Cham-ber toodle toodle

.ii. loo, cryes Pan that Cuckoo, with belse at his shoo, and a

fiddle fiddle too, Aye mee, but I alas lye wee- ping, for death

hath slaine my sweeting, which hath my heart in kee- ping.

.ii.



TENOR.

VIII.

3. VOC



He Gods haue heard my vowes, fond Lyce,
 whose faire browes wont scorne with such disdain, my loue,
 ii. my teares my paine ii. fa la la la.

3 But now those spring-tide roses,
 are turnde to winter posies,
 to Rue, and time, and sage,
 fitting that shrulede age,
 Falalala, &c.

3 Now youthes with hote desire,
 See, see that flamelesse fire,
 Which erst your hearts so burned,
 quicke into ashes turned.
 Fa la la la &c.

TENOR.

IX.

3. VOC.



2 No my wits are not so wild,
But a gentle soule may yoake me,
Nor my heart so hard compilde,
But it meltis, if lone prouoke me.

3

TENOR.

X.

3 voc.



He Ape, the Monkey and Baboone did meete, and
 breaking of their fast in fryday street, two of them sware together
 solemnly in their three natures was a sympathic, Nay quoth Baboon,
 I do deny that straine, I haue more knauery in me then you twaine.

Why quoth the Ape I haue a horse at will,
 in Parris Garden for to ride on still,
 and there shew trickes: tush quoth the Monkey I
 for better trickes in great mens houses lie.
 Tush, quoth Baboone, when men do know I come,
 for spoile from City, country, they will runne.

TENOR

XL.

3 voc.

O no, though I shrinke still, I shrinke still
yet I thinke stil that a wincke will do what louers
best know, fa la la liro logh .ii. .ii.
fala liro logh till then I will be glad, and then I will be mad, I will
be mad, hang vp all loue that is sad, fa la la liro logh .ii.
fala liro liro logh.

2 What what,
if she faine so,
then I plaine go,
in a vaine to
ouerthrow her that's flat, fa la la, &c.

O, but she loued me well,
no but I cannot tell,
who dares trust women on her,

TENOR

XII.

3. voc.



Ye me alas, hey ho, hey hoe .ii. .ii

thus doth Messalina go about the house a cry-

ing vp and downe the house a crying, .ii. for her

Monkey lyes a dying .ii. a dy- ing

death thou art too cruel, to bereave her Iewell, or to make a

seasure of her only treasure, if her Monkey die she will sit and crie,

fie fie fie fie fie fie,

TENOR.

X.III.

3.voc.



Ate in my rash accounting, my Fortune

was amoūting, fa la la la la fa la la

fa la la fa la la fa la la fa la la la la

la la la la la and now all is vndone, al courses backwards run,

fa la la la la la fa la la la la la.

2 Harts greedy in desiring,
Are speedy in aspiring, fa la la &c.
But this femall sexe,
Make stout hearts breake their necks.

3 You Ladies faire and fickle,
Whose climing thoughts do tickle, fa la &c.
Shall molt deeply repent,
And finde a base descent.

C 3

TENOR.

XIII.

3. VOC.



Owre arms, two neckes, one wreathing, two

paire of lips one breathing, fa la la fa

la la fa la la: two harts that multiply, sighes

enterchangeably, fa la fa la la la fa la la la fa la la

fa la la fa la la.

2 The thought of this confound me,
and as I speake it woundes me, fa la la, &c.
It cannot be exprest,
good help me whilst I rest.

3 Bad stomackes haue their loathing,
and O this all is nothing, fa la la, &c.
this no with griefes doth proue,
report of turnes in loue, fa la la.

TENOR.

XV.

3. VOC.



L



Ord when I thinke what a paltry thing is a



glove or a ring, or a top of a fan to brag of, and



how much a Noddy will triumph in a buske point, busk point, snatch



with the tagge of, snatch .ii. .ii. then I say, welfare



him that hath euer vsed close play.

2 And when I see,
what a pittifull grace,
hath a frowne in the face,
Or a no in the lips of a Lady,
and when I had wist,
she would bee kist,
When shée away did go,
with hey hoe,
I end so,
Neuer trust any woman more then you know,

TENOR.

XVI.

3. VOC



Ay wāton wil you loue me, I loue no long de-

laying, no long delaying, I loue no lōg delaying,

.ii.

whilst that you striue to proue me, to proue me, I

fearc your loues decaying decaying.

¶ Feare not my loues decaying,
Whilst that you striue to proue me,
I loue no long delaying,
Come wanton then and loose me,

TENOR.

XVII.

3. voc.



.ii.

Donna gen.

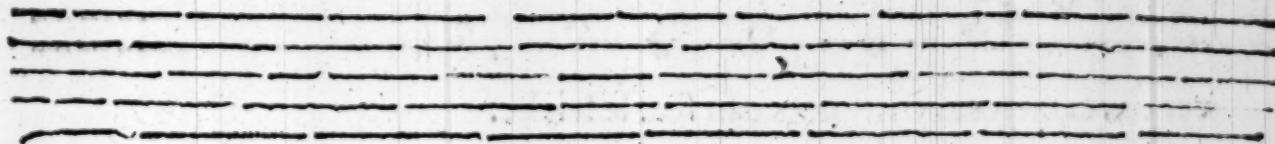


mio marti

.ii.

re, Si graue é la mia pena e'l

martire.



D

TENOR.

XVIII.

3 voc.



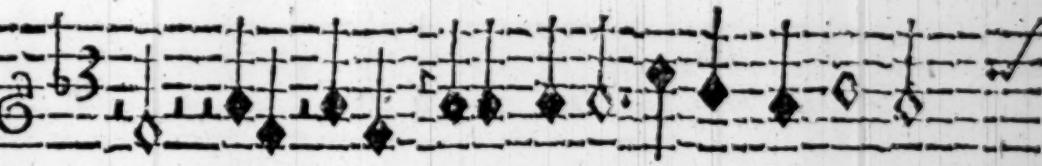
triKE it vp Tabor and pipe vs a fauour, thou shalt be
 well paid well paid for thy labour. I meane to spend my shoc sole
 to daunce about the May pole, I will be blith and briske, blith and
 briske, ile leap and skip, hop and trip, turne about in the rout, vntill
 very weary weary ioyntes can scarce friske.

2. Lusty Dicke Hopkin,
 lay on with thy napkin,
 the stiching cost me but a dodkin,
 the Morris were halfe vndone,
 Wert not for Martin of Compton,
 O well said I ging Alce,
 Pritty Gill,
 stand you still,
 Dapper Iacke,
 meane to smacke,
 how now, sic, sic sic, you dance false.

TENOR

XIX.

3 voc.



A ha this



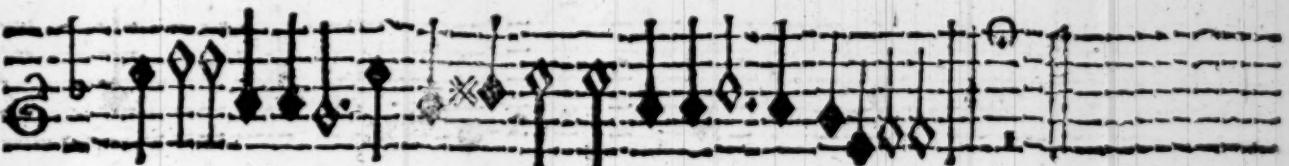
world doth passe most merily most merily ile bee sworne, for many



an honest Indian Asse goes for a vnicorne, .ii. .ii.



.ii. farra diddle diddle dyno .ii.



this is idle idle fino, .ii.

2 Tygh hygh. tygh hygh, O sweet delight,
he tickles this age that can,
call Tulliae's Ape a Marmafyte.
And Ledaes Goose a swan,
Fara diddle deyno,
this is idle fyno.

3 So so so so fine English dayes,
for false play is no reproch,
for he that doth the Cochunam prayse,
may safely vse the Coch,
fara dyddle deyno,
this is idle fyno.

D 2

TENOR

XX.

3. VOC.



Ince Roben Hood, maid Marian, and little

John are gone a, the hobby horse was quite for-

got, when Kempe did daunce a lone a, he did labour after the

tabor for to dance then into France, for .ii.

he

tooke paines, tooke paines to skip, .ii. to skip it in hope of

gaines .ii. he did trip it trip it .ii. on the toe, diddle diddle

diddledoe, .ii.

TENOR.

XXI.

3. vols.



A la la la la fa la la, O now weepe, now

sing fa la la la la: for this is loue in frost

to fric, in teares to sing, in life to die to die, in life to die to die. ii.

and neuer to haue ending.

2. Fa la la la, &c.
I die willingly,
fa la la la la, &c.
And yet I liue in spite of loue,
in hope of gaine,
And think to preue,
some pleasure mingled with paine.

D 3.

TENOR.

XXII.

3. vce.



Las tarry but one halfe houre, one halfe howre, vntill an

opportunity fit my power. ii.

then will I looke

and sigh out all my sorrow, now every body looketh on, and you

know I must be gone to morrow, and you know I must be gon to

morrow,

Adiew, why did I aspire high,
when I see my ruinous end so nigh,
Yet will I now prolong my last farewell,
else in sodaine sort to part,
will go neare to breake my heart,
that doth swell.

TENOR

XXIII.

3.voc.



S deadly serpents lurking, so enuy lyeth wor.

king, still to disgrace those men which do striue

by vertues fame to augment their height of name, by labour, and

and pen.

But let all carping Momis,
and idle foolish Zoili,
what so ere they will report,
I put my selfe in venture
to iudgements learned censure
and men of better sort.

TENOR.

XXIII.

3. VOC.

Cnna il vostro bel viso vi so, Apr'a
chi mir' ogn' hor il paradi so, .ii.
Ma'l mio misero core, Sen viu' ogn' hor in
lagrim'e in lagrim'e dolore do re.



TENOR von M. K. M. **XXV** 3. voc.

He Nightingale the Organ of delight

the nimble nimble Jn. ,ii. Lark, the Blackbird ii. and the

Thrush, and all the prattie queristers of flight, that chant their

musick notes in euery bush .ii. let them

no more contend who shall excell, the cuckoo, coockoo, the coockoo

ii. coockoo the coockoo coockoo is the bird coockoo-ii.

ii. — is the bird that bears the bell.

A remembrance of my friend M. Thomas Morley.

QVINT VS

XXVI

6.voc



Eath hath depriued mee, hath depriued me of my dearest
friend my dearest friend is dead and laid in graue, in graue hee
rests iii. vntill the world shall end, the world shall
end, as end must all things haue, all things must haue an end that
nature wrought, nature wrought, that nature wrought, must unto
dust be brought must vnto dust be brought, to dust be brought
must ii. be brought.

A handwritten musical score for six voices (6.voc) in common time. The score consists of six staves of music, each with a different note head (diamond, circle, square, etc.) and rests. The music is written in a stylized, early printed book format, with the title and section numbers at the top and the lyrics and music below. The lyrics are written in a cursive hand, corresponding to the music staff below them.

A remembrance of my friend M. Thomas Morley.

TENOR

XXVI.

6. voc



Eaſt bath deprived mee of my deareſt friend, of

.ii. my deareſt friend is dead and laid in graue, in graue, in

graue he reſtes, in .ii. vntill the world ſhall end, the world

ſhall end, as end muſt all thinges hane, all thinges muſt haue an

end, that na eure wrought, that nature wrought, that .ii.

muſt vnto dust be brought, muſt .ii. muſt vnto dust

vnto dust be brought, bee brought.

E a

William M. Bassett's Standard

173

ДОИЗ Т

Yolanda Flores de la Torre, *La turbulencia de la vida*

10. *Leptospermum laevigatum* (Burm.) Benth. in *Flora Malesiana* 1: 100. 1887.

www.mathillion.com | 01/01/2019 05:59:29

as was the case with the other initial letters, it has in itself

and the arrangement of the columns in the table is identical to that of the table in Figure 1.

in the original or final copy form.

...and would be used to calculate the Δ value.

3
BASSVS

AYERES OR
Phantasticke Spiuites
for three voices,

Made and newly published by
THOMAS WEELEKES, Gentleman of
his Majesties Chappell, Batcheler
of Musicke, and Organist of the Ca-
thedral Church of Chichester.

LONDON

Printed by William Barley, and
are to be sold at his shopp
in Gracious street.

1608.

Cum Privilegio.





TO THE R I G H T N O-
ble and most worthy, E D V V A R D Lord,
D E N N Y, Baron of Waltham, Thomas
VVeelkes wisheth the happines of
both worldes.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

IT were needless to commend the worth of musicke to a noble and vnderstanding disposition: for in the natures of Artes and generous spirites, ther is a sympathie, this being only grac'd by them; and they the onely patrones of this profession: I haue presumed, though not worthy your acceptance (as to the faouurer of all vertue) humbly to entreat your Lordship to patronize these my simple labours, which if your Lordship vouchsafe, they haue their hire, and my self euer bound (as is my duty) to doe your Lordship all faithfull, dutifull and acceptable seruice.

THOMAS VVEELKES;
A 2



A Table of all the Songes contained in this Set.

Come come lets begin.
Iockey thine horne pipes dull.
Some men desire Spouses.
To morrow is the marriage day.
Upon a hill, the bonny boy.
Come sirrah Iacke hoc.
Tan ta ra ran tan tant.
The Gods haue heard my vowes.
Though my carriage be but
The Ape, the Monkey.
No, no though I shrinke still.
Aye me alas hey hoe.
Late in my rash accounting.
Fowre armes two neckes.
Lord when I thinke.
Say wanton will you loue me.
I beil gustri e rose.
Strike it vp Tabor.
Ha ha this world doth passe.
Since Robin Hood.
Fala la, O now weepe.
Als tarry but one halfe howre.
As deadly serpents lurking.
Donna il vostro.
The Nightingale.

A Song for 6. voices
Death hath depriued me.

I
II
III
IV
V
VI
VII
VIII
IX
X
XI
XII
XIII
XIV
XV
XVI
XVII
XVIII
XIX
XX
XXI
XXII
XXIII
XXIV
XXV
XXVI

BASSVS.

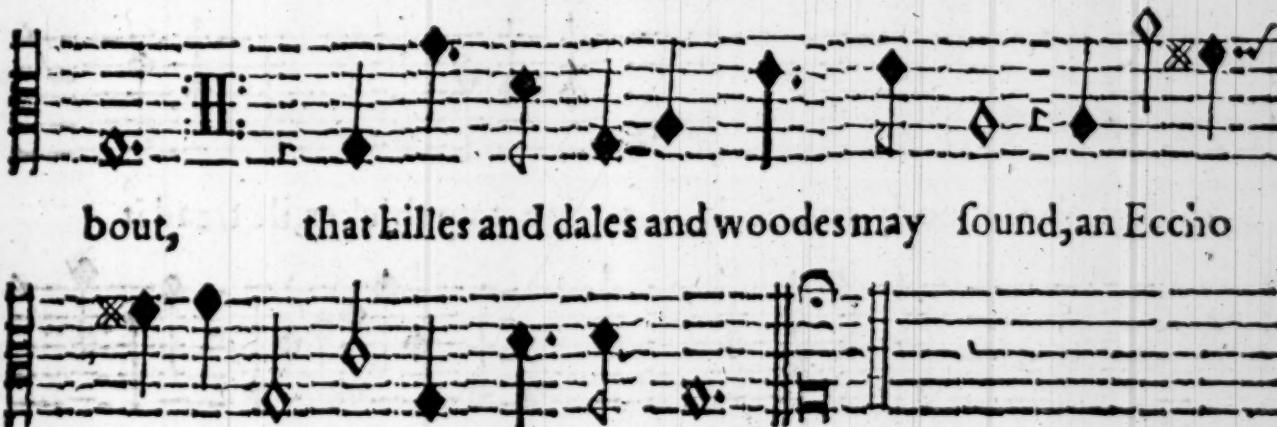
I.

3. voc.



Ome, come lets begin lets begin to reuel't out,

to reuel't out, and tread the hilles and dales a-



bout, that hilles and dales and woodes may sound, an Eccno

to this warbling round.

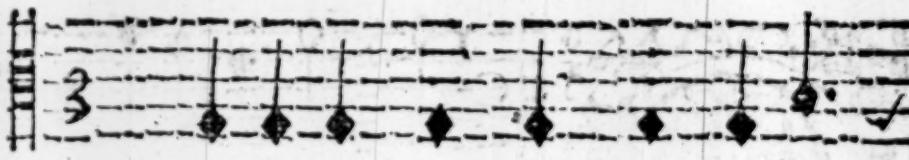
Lads merry bee with musicke sweete,
and Faires trip it with your feet,
Pans pipe is dull, a better straine,
doth stretch it selfe to please your vaine,

B

BASS VS.

II.

3 VOC.



Ockey thine horne pipes dull, giue wind

man at full, sic vpon such a sad gul, like an hoody



doody, all to moody, toodle, loodle, pipe it vp thicker, ile tread it



the quicker: why then about it roundly, .ii.

and I will



foot it foot it .ii. .ii. soundly, ile take my steps the shorter,



as if I trampled, trampled trampled morter.

Darite growes so graue,
I may not her haue:
In a round when I do craue,
with hoop sir hoy day, O you hurt me

Toodle, Toodle,
set me thy worke by
and come to me smurkly.

Then if she chance to glance in,
Giue vs two roome to dance in,
Though my green jerkin bare is.
Vs two to all the parish,

BASSVS.

III

3 voc.



Some men desire spouses, that come of noble

houses, and some would haue in mariage ladies

of courtly cariage, fa la fa la la fa la la la, but few

desire as I do, the maidenhead, the maidenhead .ii.

.ii. of a widow, fa la la la fa la la

la la la la.

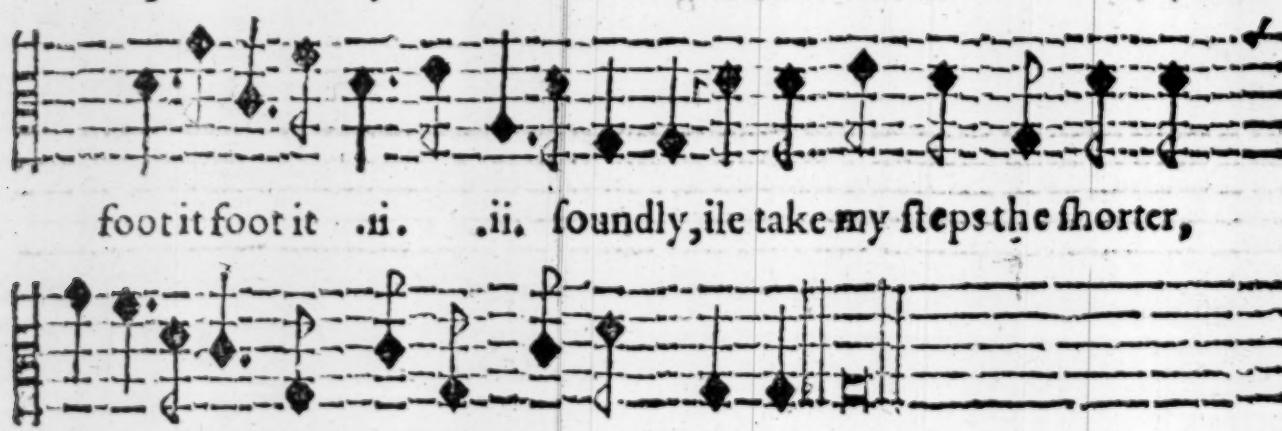
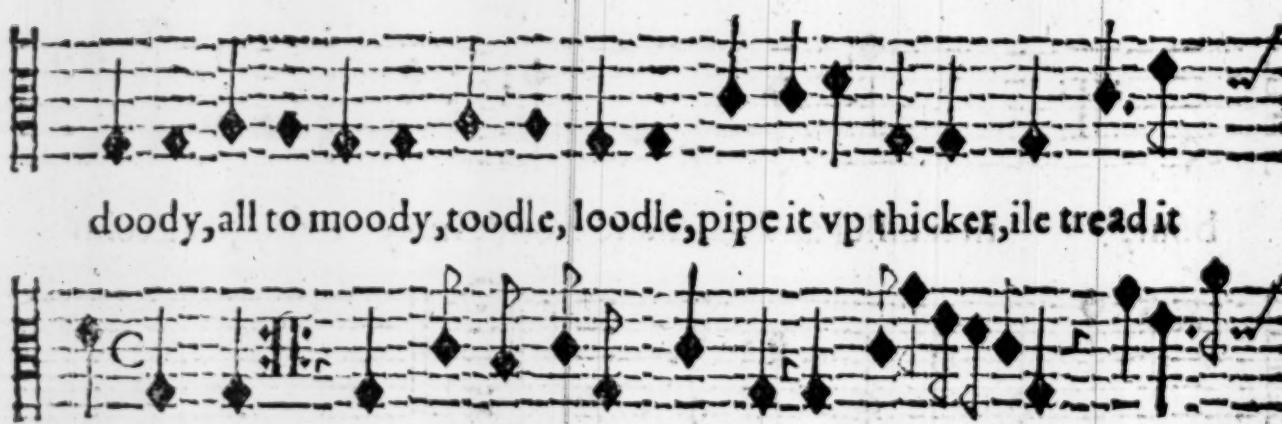
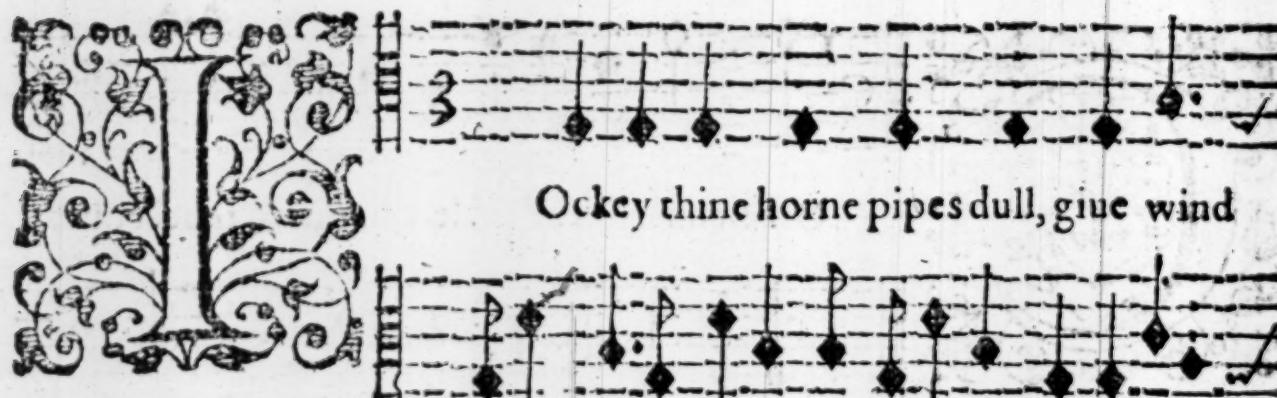
2 Some thinke faire youth will cherish,
Strength that begins to perish,
Ie haue no colis to taming,
Let me be young'st at gaming.

Ile get ore, ile go nigh too,
The maidenhead o' a widdow.

BASS VS.

II.

3 VOC.



Darite growes so graue,
I may not her haue:
In a round when I do craue,
with hoop sir hoy day, O you hurt me
Toodle, Toodle,
set me thy worke by
and come to me smurkly.

Then if she chance to glance in,
Giue vs two roome to dance in,
Though my green jerkin bare is
Vs. two to all the parish,

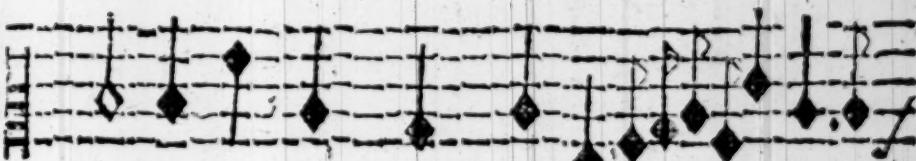
BASSVS.

III

3 voc.



ome men desire spouses, that come of noble



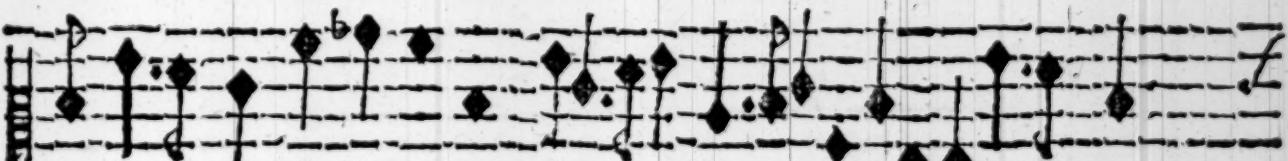
houses, and some would haue in mariage ladies



of courtly cariage, fa la fa la la sala la la la, but few



desire as I do, the maidenhead, the maidenhead .ii.



.ii. of a widow, fa la la la fa la la



la la la la la.

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Strength that begins to perish,
Ie haue no colis to taming,
Let me be young st at gaming.

Ile get ore, ile go nigh too,
The maidenhead o' a widdow.

BASSVS.

III.

3. VOC.



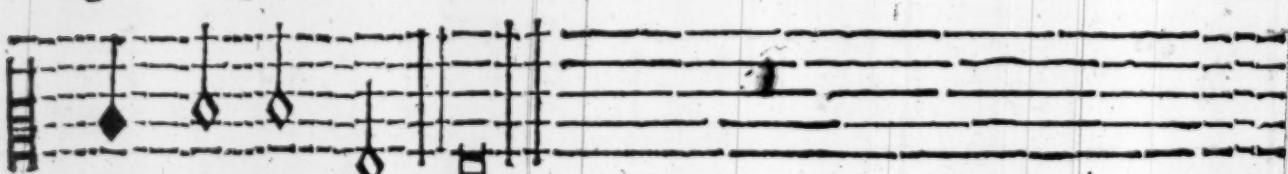
O morrow is the marriage day of Mopsus



and faire Phillida, Come shepheards bring your



.ii.



your garlands gay.

2 If loue lye in so fowle a nest,
and fowlenes on so faire a breast,
What louer may not hope the best.

3 O do not weepe faire Bellamoure,
though he be gone theres many more;
for loue hath many lones in store.

BASSVS.

V.

3.voc.

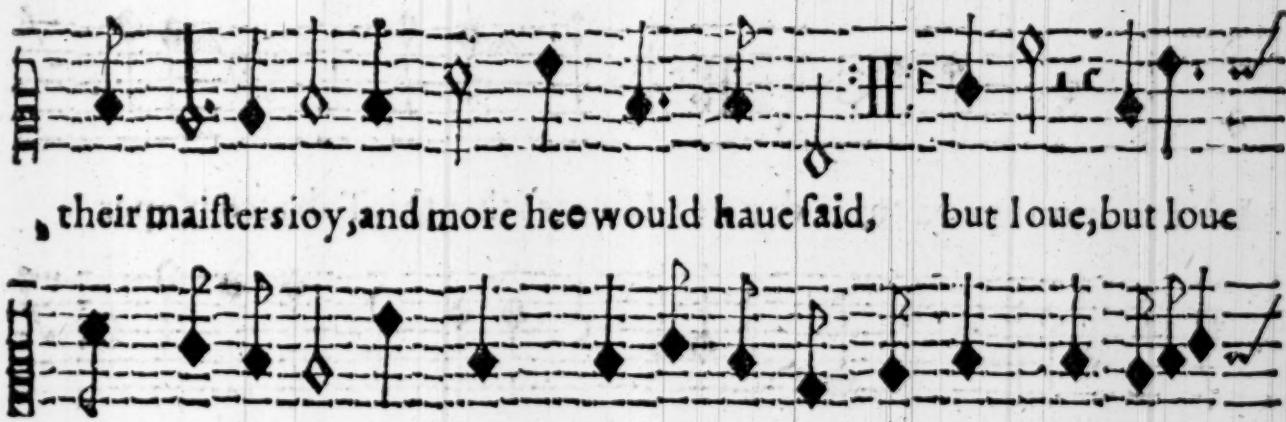


V

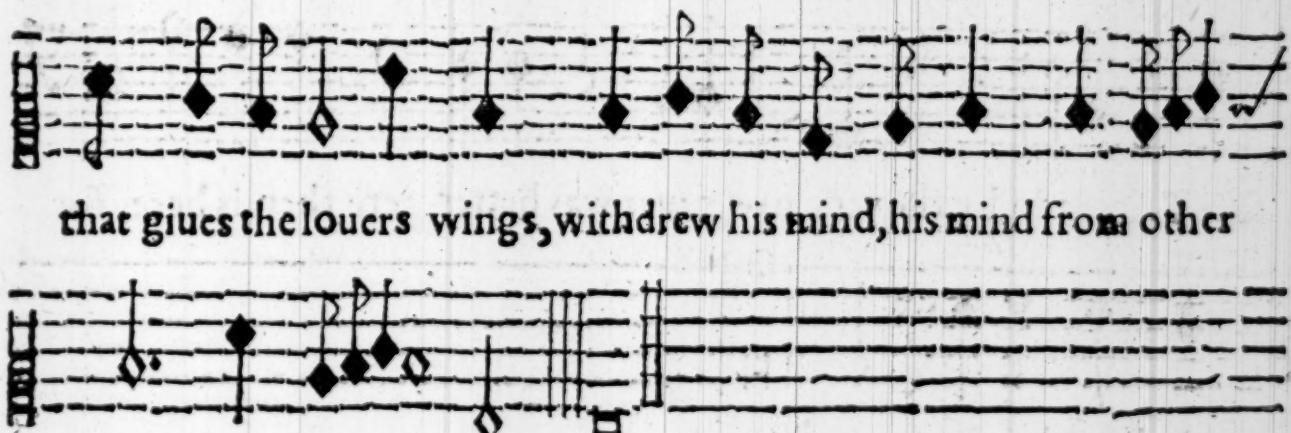


Pon a hill, ii. a hill, the bony bony boy,

sweet Thit his sweetly plaid, and calde his lambes



their maisters ioy, and more he would haue said, but loue, but loue



that giues the louers wings, withdrew his mind, his mind from other

things, from other things.

2 His pipe and he could not agree,
for Milla was his note,
This silly pipe could neuer get,
this louely name by rote.

With that they both fell in a sound,
he fell a sleepe, his pipe to ground.

BASS VS.

VI.

3.voc.



ome sirrah Iacke hoe, fill some Tobacco, bring a wire,



and some fire, hast hast away, quicke I say, do not stay, shun delay, for



I dranke none good to day : If weare that this Tobacco it's per-



fect Trinidad, by the very mas, never was better gere then is here, for



the bloud, tis very good.

2 Fill the pipe once more,
My braines daunce trenchmore.

It is headdy,

I am geeddy,

My head and braines,

Back and raines,

Jointes and vaines,

From all paines,

It doth well purge and make cleanc.

Then those that doe Condemne it,

Or such as not Commend it,

Never were so wise to learne,

Good Tobacco to discerne

Let them go, plucke a crow, and not know as I do

The sweet of Trinidad.

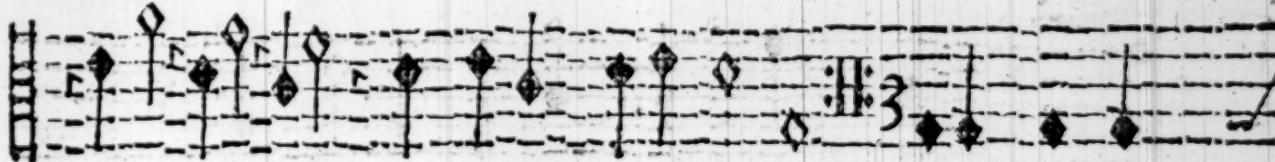
BA SS VS.

VII.

3.voc



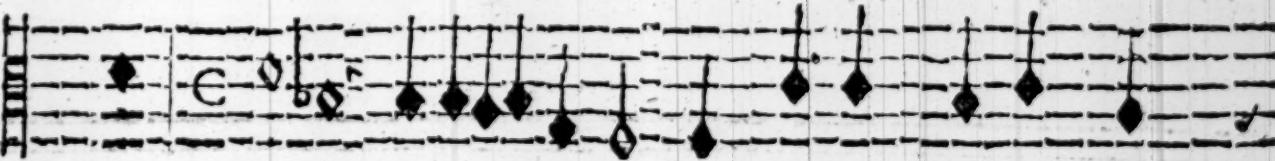
An tara ran tantant, cryes Mars on bloudy rampier



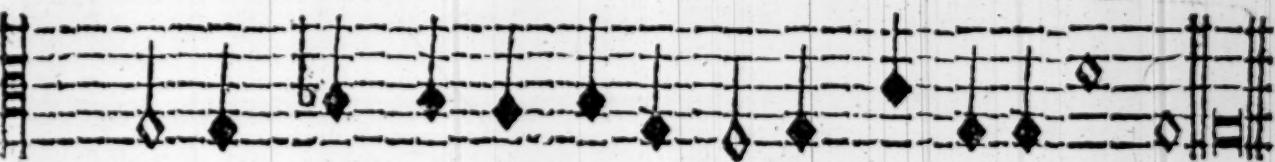
fa la fa la fa la, cries Venus, in a Chamber toodle loodle



loo, cryes Pan that Cuckoo, with belsat his shoo, and a fiddle fiddle



too, Ayeme, but I alas lyeweeping, for death hath slainc my



sweeting, which hath my heart in keeping, my hart in keeping.

ayeme, but I alas lyeweeping,
for death hath slainc my
sweeting, which hath my heart in keeping,
my hart in keeping.

ayeme, but I alas lyeweeping,
for death hath slainc my
sweeting, which hath my heart in keeping,
my hart in keeping.



BASSVS.

VIII.

3.voc

He Gods haue heard my vowes, fond Lyce,
whose faire browes wont scorne with such disdaine, my loue,
my teares my paine .ii. fa la la la la.

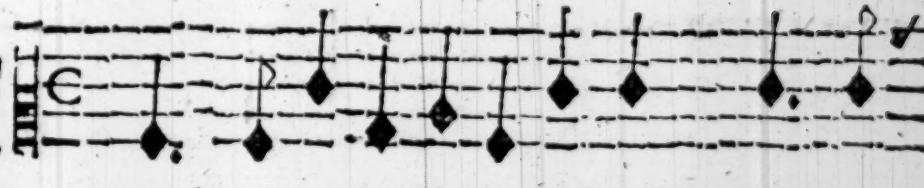
3 But now those spring-tide roses,
are turnde to winter posies,
to Rue, and time, and sage,
fitting that shriuled age,
Fa la la la, &c.

3 Now youthes with hote desire,
See, see that flamelesse fire,
Which erst your hearts so burned,
quicke into ashes turned.
Fa la la la &c,

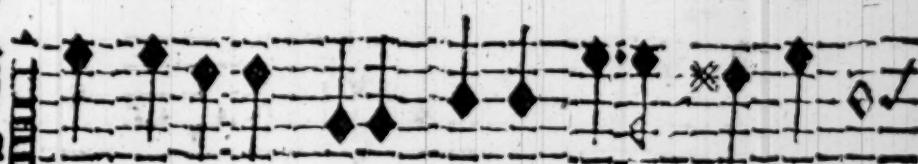
BASSVS.

IX.

3. voc.



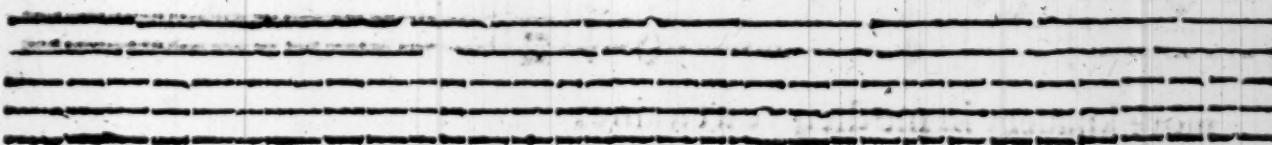
Hough my carriage be but carelesse, though my



looks be of the sternest, yet my passions are compare-



lesse, when I loue, when I loue, I loue, I loue, I loue, I loue in earnest.



3. No my wits are not so wild.
But a gentle soule may yoake me,
Nor my heart so hard compilde,
But it melts, if loue prouoke me.

Am i not a quare? Am i not a quare?

Am i not a quare? Am i not a quare?

Am i not a quare? Am i not a quare?

Am i not a quare? Am i not a quare?

Am i not a quare? Am i not a quare?

Am i not a quare? Am i not a quare?

BASS VS.

X.

3 voc.



He Ape, the Monkey and Babone did meeete, and

breaking of their fast infryday street, in their three natures

was a sympathie, Nay quoth Baboone, I do deny that straine, I haue

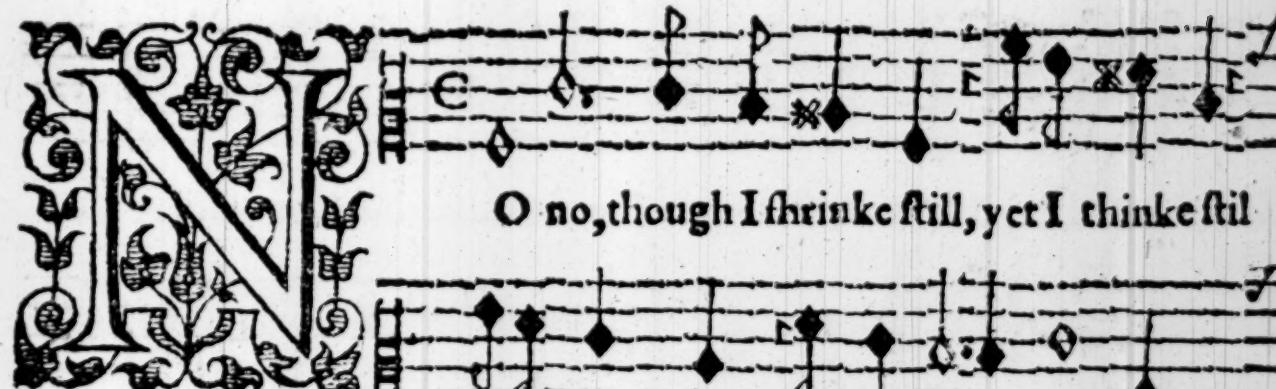
more knauery in me then you twaine.

• Why quoth the Ape I haue a horse at will,
in Parris Garden for to ride on still,
and there shew trickes: tush quoth the Monkey I
for better trickes in great mens houses lie.
Tush, quoth Baboone, when men do know I come,
for sport, from City, country, they will runne.

BASSVS.

XL

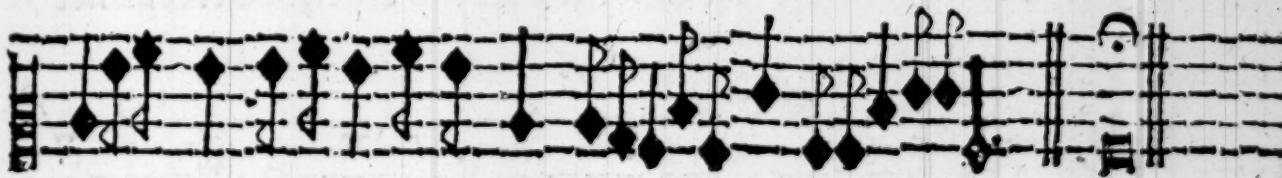
3 voc.



that a wincke will do what louers best know,



I will be glad, and then I will be mad, hang vp all loue that is sad, fa la



2 What what,
if she faineso,
then I plaine go,
in a vaine to
ouerthrow her that's flat, fa la la, &c.

O, but she loued me well,
no but I cannot tell,
who dares trust women or hell.

BASSVS.

XII.

3 VOC.



Ye me alas,hey hoe,hey hoe .ii. .ii.

thus dath Messalina go vp and downe .ii.

vp and downe the house a crying, a crying, for her Monkey lyes a

dying for .ii. death thou art too cruel, to bereave her

Iewell, or to make a seasure of her onely treasure, if her Monkey die

she will sit and crie, fie fie fie fie fie fie fie fie fie.





Ate in my rash accounting, my Fortune

was amounting, fa la fa la la fa la la fa

la la fa la la fa la la fa la la la la:

and now all is vndone, all courses backward runne, fa la la fa

la la fa la fa la ia fa la la fa la la la.

2 Harts greedy in desiring,
Are speedy in aspiring, fa la la &c.
But this femall sexe,
Make stout hearts breake their necks.

3 You Ladies faire and fickle,
Whose climing thoughts do tickle, fa la &c.
Shall most deeply repent,
And finde a base descent.

BASS. V.5.

XIII. I.

3. VOC.



Owre armes, two neckes, one wreathing, two

paire of lips one breathing, fa la la fa la la fa

la la: two hearts that multiply, sighes enterchangeably, fa la fa la

fa la fa la fa la fa la la la,

2. The thought of this confound me,
and as I speake it woundes me, fa la la, &c.
It cannot be exprest,
good help me whilst I rest.

3. Bad stomackes haue their loathing,
and O this all is nothin g, fa la la, &c.
this no with griefes doth proue,
report oft turnes in loue, fa la la.

BASSVS.

XV.

3.voc.



Ord when I thinke what a paltry thing is a



gloue or a ring, or a top of a fan to brag of, and



how much a Noddy will triumph in a buske point, snatch with the



tagge of, snatch with the tagge of, then I say, well fare him



that hath euer vsed close play.

2 And when I see,
what a pittifull grace,
hath a frowne in the face,
Or a no in the lips of a Lady,
and when I had wist,
she would bee kist,
When shee away did go,
with hey hoe,
I end so,
Never trust any woman more then you know.

BASSVS.

XVI.

3.voc



Ay wanton wil you loue me, I loue no long de-

laying, delaying, I loue no long delay, ing,

whilst that you striue to proue me to proue me, I feare your

loues decaying.

2. Feare not my loues decaying,
Whilst that you striue to proue me,
I loue no long delaying,
Come wanton then and loue me,

BASSVS

IXVII.

3. VOC.



Now we're on the move,
With a mission to make
Everyone's life better.
We're here to help you,
So let's get started.

BASS VS

XVIII.

3 voc.



3

strike it vp Tabor and pipe vs a fauour, thou shalt be
 well paid for thy labour : to dance about the Maypole, I
 will be blith and briske, leap and skip, hop and trip, turne about in
 the rout, vntill very weary ioyntes can scarce friske.

3

2 Lusty Dicke Hopkin,
 lay on with thy napkin,
 the fatching corne but a dodkin,
 the Morris were halfe vndone,
 Wert not for Martin of Compton,
 O well said Iiing Alice,
 Pritty Gill,
 stand you still,
 Dapper Jacke,
 meane to smacke,
 how now, sic, sic sic, you dance false.

BASSVS

XXIX.

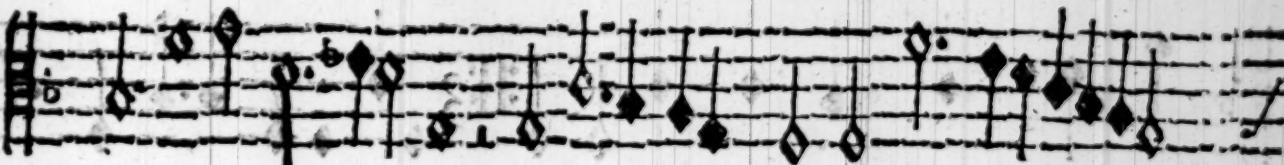
3 voc.



1. M. A ha ha ha ha ha ha .ii. .ii. this



world doth passe most merily most merily I wil be sworne, for many



an honest Indian Ase goes for a vnicorne, goes for an vnicorne



.ii. a vnicorne, fara diddle diddle dyno .ii.



this is idle idle fine, .ii.

2. Tygh hygh, tygh hygh, O sweet delight,

he tickles this age that can,

call Tulliaes Ape a Marmasyte.

And Ledaes Goose a swan,

Fara diddle deyno,

this is idle fyno.

3. So so so so fine English dayes,

for false play is no reproch,

for he that doth the Cochman prayse,

may safely vse the Coch,

fara dyddle deyno,

this is idle fyno.

D . 2



Ince Roben Hood, maid Marian, and little

John are gone a, the hobby horse was quite for-

got, when Kempe did daunce a lone a, he did labour after the

tabor for to dance, then into France for, ii.

took pains to skip, to skip, ii. to skip it in hope of gains of gains

he will trip it trip it trip it on the toe, diddle diddle diddle doc,

ii.

A la la la la la, O now weepe, now
 sing fa la la la la la la la for this is loue in frost
 to frie, in teares to sing, in life to die, iii. and never
 to haue ending.

And yet I liue in spite of loue,
 in hope of gaine,
 And thinke to prove,
 some pleasure mingled with paine.

BASSVS

XXII.

272 3.voc.



tarry tarry but one halfe houre, .ii.



for halfe howre, vntill an opportunity fit my power then will I looke



and sigh out all my sorrow, now evry body looketh on, and you



know I must be gon & you know I must be gon to morow, to morow.

Adiew, why did I aspere high,
when I see my ruinous end so nigh,
Yet will I now prolong my last farewell,
else in sedaine sort to part,
will go nearer to breake my heart,
that doth swell.

BASS VS

XXIII.

3. voc.



S deadly serpents lurking, so enuy lyeth wor.
king, still to disgrace thos men which do striue
by vertues fame to augment their height of name, by labours, an

and pen.

But let all carping Momis,
and idle foolish Zoili,
what so ere they will report,
I put my selfe in venture
to iudgements learned censure
and men of better sort.

BASS VS

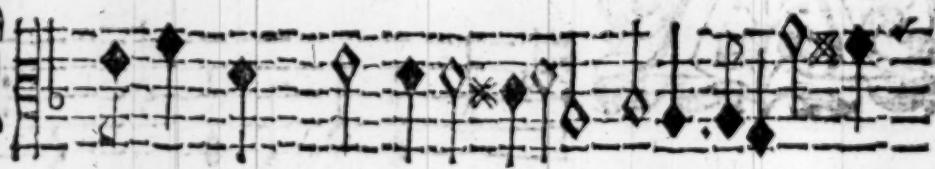
XXIIII.

2V 3voc



On nail vostro bel vi

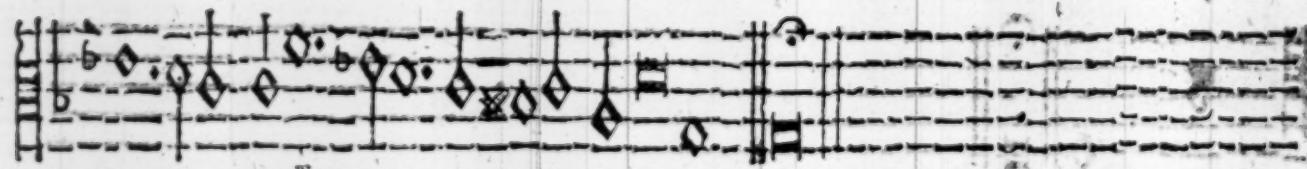
so, Apr'a



chi mir' ogn' hor il paradi so, .ii.



Ma'l mio misero core, Sen viu' ogn' hor in



lagrim'c in lagrim'c dolore do lo re.





delight the nimble nimble nimble nimble Larke, the blacke



A remembrance of my friend, M. Thomas Morley.

BASS VS.

XXVI.

6.voc



Eāth hath, &c.

My dearest friend is dead and laid

in graue in graue he rests, .ii. untill the world shall end the

world shall end, as end must all thinges haue, all thinges must haue an

end that nature wrought, that nature wrought, must vnto dust bee

brought, must .ii.



A remembrance of my friend M. Thomas Morley.

CANTVS

XXVI.

6. voc.



Eath hath deprived me of my dearest friend, my dearest

friend, my dearest friend is dead and I laid in grane, in graue he rests

in il. vntill the world shall end, the world shall end,

as end must all things haue, all things must haue an end that nature

wrought, that nature wrought must vnto dust bee brought must

vnto dust be brought must vnto dust must vnto dust be brought.

A remembrance of my friend, M. Thomas Morley.

BASS VS.

XXVI.

6. voc



Eath hath, &c.

My dearest friend is dead and laid

in graue in graue he rests, .ii. untill the world shall end the

world shall end, as end must all thinges haue, all thinges must haue an

end that nature wrought, that nature wrought, must vnto dust bee

brought, must .ii.



A remembrance of my friend M. Thomas Morley.

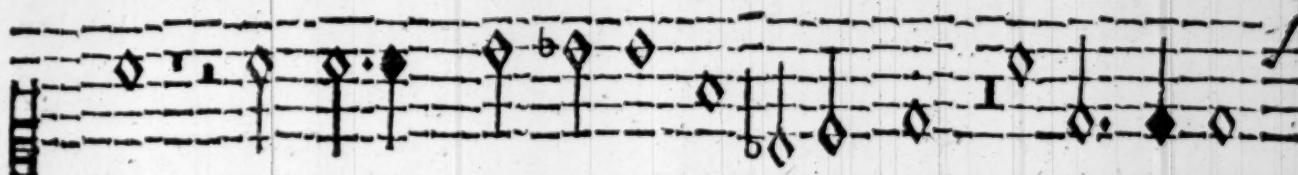
CANTVS

XXVI.

6. voc.



Eath hath depryed me of my dearest friend, my dearest



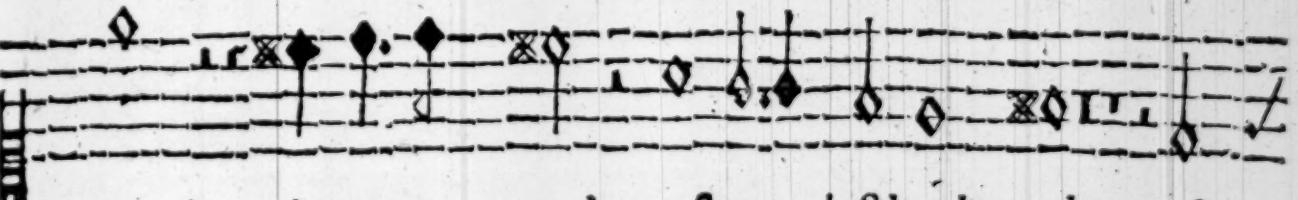
friend, my dearest friend is dead and laid in grane, in graue he rests



in ,il. vntill the world shall end, the world shall end,



as end must all things haue, all things must haue an end that nature



wrought, that nature wrought must vnto dust bee brought must



vnto dust be brought must vnto dust must vnto dust be brought.

CANTUS

IV XX.

• 106 •

Each pair of binoculars may easily be used with either eye.

1870-1871

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as can most all change place in
the same manner.

Widening. This indicates that a local pectinolytic zone is

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... all the other people in the country are doing the same thing.

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